

THE TECH

BRADLEY INSTITUTE

PEORIA, ILLINOIS



IN THIS ISSUE

Rara Avis

By Geraldine Mars

A Sporting News Reporter

By Leland Fleming

Athletic News

First Half of Basket Ball Season

Vol. XXI

January

No. Four

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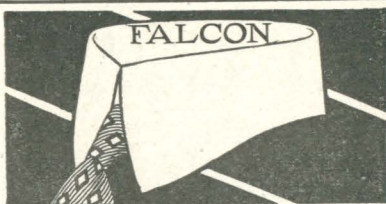
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20¢ each 2 for 35¢ 3 for 50¢

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Both Phones 403

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PEORIA, ILL.

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Chas. L. Crawford

NOTE NEW LOCATION

214 South Adams Street

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The Greater Bergner Store

*Welcomes the Trade of the
Young People*

—And believes that the young people will enjoy this fine new store which now is able to offer practically “everything for everybody.”

We are glad to have you come and see us whether you intend to buy or not.

Visit the new Tea Room which has recently opened to the rear of the Main Floor. From a thoroughly modern fountain you may obtain every kind of a soft drink and we make a specialty of light lunnhes and sandwiches served during the afternoon.

P. A. Bergner & Co.



THE TECH

BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



Vol. XXI Peoria, Illinois, January 1918 No. 4

RARA AVIS.

Frequently in this world we are fortunate enough to find a person who is a little different. "Some bird" we call him when he really isn't any more "some" than the other birds. This title "some bird" should be considered quite a distinction, since it usually indicates individuality, or eccentricity in some form.

One girl wears the brightest colors obtainable in the most extreme styles of dress. She is "some bird". Her sister is also "some bird", because she prefers a fashion which has passed on years before. One man is absolutely unmoved by the winning glances of that sweet blue-eyed girl, while his brother can't resist any girl's glances. They're both "some birds".

Victor Gaines belonged to the former masculine type. It was his boast that he never yet had seen the girl he'd go out of his way to notice. But alas—boasts have been boasted before.

One day Victor stepped out of the Amorville postoffice intently reading a letter:—

"—and I drew a commission! I'm a real captain, now. Can you imagine it?"

"So Grace and I will be married soon and go to live where I'm stationed. Sorry to leave the ranks of the Anti-Matrimony League—but I'm going to join the ranks of Hymen and Mars.—There! I always fall flat when I attempt literary flights. Of course I don't mean married life is war. It's going to be heaven—with Grace. Oh, Vic, if you would only find a—"

"Some bird."

Crash! Bang!

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I was just a—a—. Well, I'll be—."

As Victor arrived at the point of a prospective bridegroom's advice to "Go thou and do likewise," he immediately lost interest in the letter, for he was a bachelor, a sincerely avowed avoider of women.

As he jammed the letter into his pocket and voiced his disgust, he bumped right into something he tried hardest to avoid. Both Victor and the woman fell flat on the sidewalk.

Victor reached out to pick up his hat and he was stunned by another shock. This time it was a collision of eyes. The owner of the opposing eyes was going through so great a struggle that the poor eyes didn't know what emotion to register. The struggle was between delight in appreciation of the humorous situation; surprise from the shock; disgust at the careless man; and downright anger. Finally all four emotions made a compromise, concentrated themselves in those brown eyes, and the result was so effective that the man sat stupidly in the middle of the sidewalk. He could do nothing but gaze blankly after the girl as she strode indignantly up Main Street

How long Victor sat on the sidewalk he couldn't have told—but it was long enough for a revolution to take place; with more lasting effects than Kerensky's and with bad effects on his boast. What puzzled Victor was the identity of the young lady. She was much prettier and more attractive than any girl he'd seen in Amorville. She must be a stranger in town. That fact alone made her more interesting.

"Well, Vic, that's the first time I ever saw you fall for a woman. Get up, guy. Everybody's laughing at you."

"Who is she, Sam?" murmured Vic, in a stupor, as the other man dragged him up.

"What's wrong, Vic? Are you hurt? That's Janet Wilbur, the new chemistry teacher up at High School. She's a young thing. Don't let her scare you. I've heard she hates men about as much as you hate women."

"Aw, dry up! Who said I don't like women? Why, she's wonder—"

"Oh, pardon me! Love at first sight, is it? Oh, I see-e."

"Who said anything about love?" This with a nervous brushing of coat and hat. I just ran into her. I was just reading a letter and didn't see her coming. Too bad she couldn't watch her step."

"Sure. Women are sorta blind animals, aren't they?"

"Aw, Sam, you make me sick. If she's blind with a pair of eyes like—"

"Sure, old top. They are wonderful. Ensnared many a man before you."

"Who said I was ensnared?" This in a vain attempt to extricate himself from a confession which had been slipping out much against his will; a confession serious enough to bring him up before the Anti-Matrimony League of Amorville."

But Vic couldn't deny the circumstances. Sam soon perceived that Victor Gaines was at last overcome. He had fallen before the chemistry queen. Such things have happened, even outside of stories.

After a week's futile efforts to arrange an introduction to the idol of his heart, Vic became desperate. He must do something.

This is what he did. Assuming a very innocent tone of voice, he called Miss Wilbur on the telephone.

"Yes, this is Miss Wilbur."

"This is Victor Gaines. I'm getting ready to take some civil service exams next month and need to brush up a bit in chemistry. I wondered if you'd tutor me."

"Yes, of course. When do you want to start?"

(Sigh of relief at other end of wire.) "Well, I haven't had any chemistry for two or three—or, well, for quite a while. I'm afraid I've forgotten nearly everything. Maybe I'd better take a lesson every day. May I come tonight?"

"Yes, that will be convenient. About seven? Very well. Goodbye."

With heart thumping harder than ever before, Victor rang the doorbell of her house that night about seven. She recognized him instantly but assumed an impenetrable attitude, thus checking any attempt of his at explanation. She started the chemistry lesson immediately. She set

her watch on the desk before her, not to prolong the lesson more than the exact hour.

"I am more familiar with Smith's Chemistry than with any other and will base my lessons on it. You may learn for tomorrow the chapter on hydrogen and we will start tonight with the principle of the Bunsen burner."

While she carefully explained this apparatus, Vic noticed every detail about her. He noticed that her hair was of an adorable chestnut shade, her eyes of course were brown, as he had noticed at first. Her cheeks were rather pale. ("Stuffy old chemistry laboratory," thought Vic.) Her mouth—well, he had never seen anything like it.

"Now, can you tell me any facts about the inner flame?" she asked.

"Oh, Miss Wilbur, it's burning hotter than ever."

"Why, what do you mean? You evidently don't understand the Bunsen burner."

"Yes, I do. I didn't express myself accurately, but I will later. I never did understand the difference between metallurgic and theoretical chemistry, though. Would you explain that?"

"Well, a—, we'll—a—a—take that up later," she stammered. The truth was, she didn't know the difference."

Vic suppressed a giggle.

"Oh, that's all right. I'm awfully rusty on the subjects of an acid, a base, and a salt."

"Well, Mr. Gaines, I always did think it rather base to make acid remarks."

"Now, what do you mean, Miss Wilbur?"

"I'll explain that a little later also."

This was too much for Vic. What could the girl mean? He had tried to act politely, and he wouldn't be rude for the world. He couldn't comprehend. Soon the hour was over and Vic was coolly dismissed.

For a while Vic continued his lessons. It was hard to confine himself to the limits of chemistry and still harder not to tell her all and know his fate. But he was determined not to; and with this grim determination he marched into the fray one evening about two weeks later.

He had forgotten what the lesson was; more likely, had never known. When she asked him the first question, he could hold out no longer.

She looked a little bored and he thought what a crime that she should spend any more time pounding chemistry into the heads of high school students.

"Let's not do any more chemistry, Miss Wilbur. It's glorious outside and I'd love to take a ride in the moonlight, wouldn't you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Gaines. Business is business. If you ever expect to pass those examinations, you'd better get to work."

"What examinations?"

"Why, you said you were going to take civil service examinations next week."

Then he had to explain that he had only given a fake reason for lessons, in order to be with her. He modestly added that he was already employed

in the government's service as head chemist of the Amorville Airplane Company.

Never was man more base according to Janet. Every atom, every molecule of him was deception. She had despised him from the day of that awful fall. She didn't see how any man could make such a remark. Oh, how could he be so unkind!

After this outburst of injured feelings, Vic felt pretty cheap. But after all he hadn't done anything. He was only at sea to know any other way to meet her so he told her as much. Wouldn't she please forgive and be good friends again? After a little coaxing, Janet did forgive this bold plotter. (It hadn't been unpleasant for one moment. Vic was quite handsome, very much sought after and thoroughly enjoyable company.

"But if you just hadn't made that awful remark when you bumped into me."

"What remark?"

"You called me 'some bird', and I couldn't forget it."

Then Vic remembered the letter, the cause of all the difficulty. He had never finished reading it, so engrossed had he been in Janet. He put his hand into his pocket and found it there, crumpled as when he furiously put it there two weeks before. He drew it out.

"Listen to this letter, Janet. I called the writer 'some bird' because I was a staid old bachelor then. If I hadn't been so hot-headed, I'd have been good friends with you long before this."

"... Sorry to leave the ranks of the Anti-Matrimony League. . . . if you only would find a nice girl, Vic. It's high time for you to settle down. And by the way—my sister Janet is in Amorville teaching chemistry at the High School. I'd appreciate it lots if you would look after her a little

Best regards from

Jack.

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"And my brother Jack wrote that letter. I agree with you, Vic. He's 'some bird'."

—Geraldine Mars.

A SPORTING NEWS REPORTER.

The important building in the block on Fifth Avenue—Chicago's Fifth Avenue—between Washington and Madison Streets, is the "News" building. It is no larger than some others near it, nor would you notice it for its grace of architecture; in fact, it is much like hundreds of other "fronts" on the same street. Yet it is important because it is the place where one of the large daily newspapers is made.

The entrance doors had been swinging vigorously for the last two hours, and now at half past twelve they seemed to have redoubled their speed. It was the time when the reporters on the "morning edition" were pouring in for their assignments. They all took the elevators for the fourth floor, where most of the editors' offices are found. The elevators land them in a

hallway from which, here and there, numbered rooms open off. Inside the door numbered "3", before the desk of the sporting editor, stood Bob Dascom, a general sporting news reporter. The editor's sleekly combed head was bent over a bad copy, which looked like the carving on the obelisk in Central Park. But he soon looked up and in a business-like tone said: "Dascom, there's a Chinese freak in town—at the Palmer House I think—who can play chess. You may look after him."

"I'll have to rub up my Chinese a bit, but I'll see him and ask him what he thinks of the American women, for a starter."

The editor smiled and Dascom went off to a desk near by where he began writing, with a very soft and blunt-ended lead pencil, on his interview with the distinguished foreigner, no doubt.

At once the office door opened and a light, easy step was heard on the floor. Instinctively one felt it to be a woman's step. It was Helen Fielding, one of the sporting news staff.

She was a tall woman. Her shoulders were broad, and her whole form was what one would call well proportioned. Her bearing was dignified and commanded an attention which you were quite willing to bestow. Her hair was black and slightly wavy. Her face was very interesting and to her friends charming. A stranger would look at her twice. Her dress was plain but stylish; yet not of that scrupulous neatness seen in some women. In fact, there might easily have been a button off one of her gloves and most likely the bow on the back of her collar was pinned on.

She walked directly up to the desk and was greeted with an "Extra edition," "Good afternoon, Miss Fielding. I see you escaped unscarred from yesterday's battle, though you did have a bloody field for the rest of them. Have you heard whether that full-back was seriously injured or not?"

"The doctor reports him 'doing finely' so that is the 'end of the story' with him."

"Well, anyway I have a new job for you. You see there is that Woman's Convention at St. Louis, and Mr. Arnold (the managing editor) wants you to go down there."

"A Woman's Convention! At St. Louis! A combination indeed!"

"Oh, I think you will have a good time out of it, Miss Fielding."

Miss Fielding bowed slightly, smiled peculiarly and started away, while at the same instant Bob Dascom crossed the floor just in time to open the door for her. She smiled a "Good day" to him, and they passed out together. They took the elevator, and in a moment were on the street walking down toward Washington Street.

"Are you going out to Austin today, Miss Fielding, to report that tournament?"

"No, I have changed my profession. I am not going to report 'touch-downs' and 'love sets' any longer. Jonathan (the managing editor's first name) evidently thinks I need a change of air for my health or my principles, so I am going down to St. Louis to find out how the dear women intend to better the conditions of the human race."

"Whew! So you are going to the convention of the Women's Clubs, are you? Why, you will land right in a nest of reformers and preachers and uplifters of humanity and so on."

"Yes, I know. It's a pleasant prospect, isn't it?" she returned with a weary smile.

"By the way, Mr. Dascom," she continued in an entirely different tone, "won't you go down and see Mrs. Phoenix tomorrow evening? I want so much to know whether Joe has gone to school gracefully this week or not."

"I shall be glad to go for you, since I can't go with you. What shall I do with Joe if he hasn't been to school one day out of seven?"

Joe was a forlorn six-year-old specimen whom Miss Fielding had decided was quite worth while bothering over. So she had sort of adopted him and kept him at her washwoman's home. Miss Fielding was not given to reforming anybody, in the least, but she did have a warm heart for poor, half-starved little children, so she had taken this particular one under her care.

By this time they had reached the "Lake St. L." and Miss Fielding's car came at once. Mr. Dascom was saying in the most solicitous tones as he carefully watched her get on the car, "Do let me know how those dear ladies get on with their work. I shall be dead anxious about them. Tell them to keep cool and adieu! My—" but the last words were said to himself as the car moved off.

It was two days later, on Saturday evening, that Miss Fielding sat in her room at the "Planters' Hotel", reading the evening edition of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Very naturally she had turned first to the account of the convention to see what that meek little woman who sat next to her at the reporters' table had to say about the affair. She smiled disgustedly as she read. The tone of the whole thing was so entirely different from her own. Her article, she knew, was much brighter and would cause many more smiles than this report. To be sure she had exaggerated the squeaky voice of Mrs. Jones, from Kansas, and the frantic gestures of Mrs. Long, from Ohio—but, people liked it.

"How this little goose seems to take the whole thing in earnest," she said to herself.

There was a sympathetic earnestness in this little woman's report. She seemed to believe people were willing to think as well as to be amused. It all jarred on Helen Fielding.

The next Tuesday, at the close of the evening session of the convention, the little woman reporter gathered up her papers and turning towards Miss Fielding said in a passionate voice, "I'll take one thing away from here today that I'll say to myself every morning, 'Only where morality requires fidelity in small things can great things be secured.'"

At this moment Mrs. Conrad, a gentle, white-haired lady, the president of the convention, came up and began talking with Helen. She was much interested in this reporter. Helen, on her part, talked as knowingly

about temperance reform and the slum problem as if she had studied the questions all her life.

After some time spent with Mrs. Conrad, Helen found herself on the car speeding back to the hotel. Here she met Jack Morris, a friend of Mr. Dascom, with whom she chatted very merrily. She gave him bits from the day's meetings. "You really would think I was her right-hand man, Mr. Morris, if you should see me talking to that innocent old lady. She thinks I am a center rush and a full-back all in one."

In a short time the car reached the hotel and Miss Fielding was soon in her own room. The gay and almost hilarious manner she had assumed seemed to change instantly. Very mechanically she took off her things and sat down in a large chair, putting her feet out in front on the stool, while both her hands supported her bowed head.

All the events and words of the past two days passed through her mind. She acknowledged to herself that something was troubling her. These women, that little reporter and the white-haired president, had brought her new ideas which were demanding her attention.

"What's the good?" she said to herself. "It's a lot more trouble to be like they are. They are far too honest and faithful in little things."

She sat there, motionless, for over an hour debating within herself, "her own way" as she called it, and "their way".

Finally she pushed the footstool away and stood up looking at herself in the long mirror before her and said out loud, in a decided, calm way, "You little fool! You don't know your own mind."

The next morning she got up with the same disturbed, restless feeling and went about in an aimless, absent-minded way. She seemed to have thought more in the last four days than in all the rest of her life put together.

Before entering the convention hall she stopped and drew herself together as if to bring her thoughts back to the world. So she passed through this last day of the meetings in the same happy way, apparently, as she had done through all the others.

The president closed the afternoon session with an earnest petition for "true women with a thoughtful purpose," and as the last words were uttered Helen Fielding picked up her papers and made her way toward the door as fast as possible. But just as she was ready to go out, she heard a gentle voice say "My dear." She had tried to escape the white-haired Madonna. Her gentle, loving ways and thoughtful eyes annoyed Helen Fielding. She wanted to get away from them—the farther away the better. "Ah, I've caught you."

"You caught a very willing subject," returned Helen graciously.

"How does it compare with race horses and bicycle scorchers? Don't you think you need a wider field? Race tracks are not large, you know. Pardon me, I believe in you so much, my dear, that you'll forgive me for preaching, won't you?" Here Mrs. Conrad was called away and Helen Fielding dashed out of the door and into the street. She walked hurriedly along, her head high in the air. On and on she went, but her steps

grew slower and her head gradually lowered until she was looking on the ground. The struggle of the last few days was reaching its climax. She felt as if there were two selves within her in furious battle. Which would come out ahead?"

She thought of that faithful little reporter again, of the gentle president, she felt her old self weakening, giving away. Just what did it mean, any way? Was it her own selfish, happy way opposed to an earnest, sacrificing purpose? Her mind was in a whirlwind.

She threw her head up as if to toss off her gloomy thoughts, and at that moment she heard rollicking music near by. She entered a wide iron gate near by and found herself in a small summer garden. She sat down at a small table and leaned her arms on it as she watched the gay crowd about her. The foaming glass which was placed before her she quickly took up and drank with real enjoyment.

As she sat there, her eyes fell upon a telegraph boy and she immediately beckoned to him. He came over to the table and waited while she wrote the following message:

To Mr. R. C. Dascom, Chicago, Ill., office of Chicago News:

My work will be finished tonight. Shall be back in the morning at eleven-forty-five. Dear ladies good but slow.

Helen Fielding.

The messenger boy vanished with the telegram while Miss Fielding sat playing with the empty beer mug.

Leland Fleming.

ALCHEMY.

The growing flowers climb upward to the sun,
The happy birds sing caroled songs of joy,
All nature sings its great Creator's praise—
Can we not smile?

A smile can change the depth of night to day
And smooth the toil of life to blessed peace;
The plants need fullest sunshine for their growth,
And hearts are plants.

The alchemy of smiles will change our life
From common doubts to harmony divine,
Beyond the clouds of selfishness, still shine
The smiling stars.

—*Esther Thompson.*

JANUARY DIARY OF B. P. ITE.

January 1, 1918. Been sore all day because I've had to sleep and miss three good meals. Everybody said "Happy New Year!" when I got out of bed. Guess they were joshin'. I heard it last night till I was sick. It seems to me a big fuss to make over two ticks on an old clock, anyway. Beastly weather; worst snow we've ever had.

Thursday. Got up at 2 p. m. I intend to leave this boarding house. they won't even serve cereal for breakfast. I forgot all about school until it was too late. It's what I get for making a resolution to start the new year right.

Friday. Dreamed bad dreams all night; it shows I have too much on my mind. Went to school and had pleasant dreams, *i. e., e. g., viz.,* that is to say, school takes everything off your mind. Felt better today. Begin to feel more like a man. In fact, I was told I looked it. She said I looked like a man up a tree. I'm glad of my improvement in looks; last time I remember, I reminded some one of a professor's pair of everyday trousers.

Saturday. More compliments. She said I looked like thirty cents. I hated to deceive her, but it sounded so nice I let it go at that. Had to go to school today. Getting so I can sleep comfortably in class nowadays. I'm much obliged to the energetic people who sing the ditties and ballads in chapel during the morning; they help me to sleep.

Sunday. Slept all day.

Monday. Have a headache and can't account for it. Drank thirteen bromo-seltzers.

Tuesday. Have a stomachache and can't account for it. Talked with the Dean today. He says if I keep on resting up at Bradley I may finish in a few days. Think I'll try and see.

One week later. This is a hard life, isn't it? I'll have to be permitted to stay a while longer, because some unsophisticated meddler told the Dean I had finished a piece in the shop. It is true I did, but it was some one else's bug-rack I accidentally stepped on. I haven't started mine yet.

Wednesday. Life seems brighter. I went to my Analytics class today and got a glimpse of Prof. Comstock's green fields. It makes me feel more like myself. If you look at things in the right light, they don't appear so bad after all. I think I'll see if I can find a book tomorrow and do a little studying as long as the doctor said it wouldn't hurt me.

Two weeks later. Got two E's on quizzes. Forgot to eat lunch. Working like blazes.

One week later. It didn't go. I'm at a normal, happy state now. I study during breakfast and fifteen minutes after, and again one-half hour after supper. During the day I enjoy myself, run around the chapel with the girls and eat soft fudge. It's jolly sport; we sing songs and play on the piano. Oh, college is the life for a young man; he can't afford to miss it. I'm standing well in my studies, too. I received 63 on last quiz and I think that's pretty good.

Today, as I look back over the first month of the new year, I feel a bit philosophical (see Webster's). I know that I have lost much valuable time but now I see the right. I will have the strength to endure and bear my standard of conduct high, never letting it again sink into the dark oblivion surrounded by phantoms of lost sleep or unpleasant suggestions of profitable ambition.

—F. B.

ROBERT BURNS.

Alone he stands, a poet true,
Endowed with nature's rarest gift,
Who dared to see and think anew,
The classic veil from art, to lift.

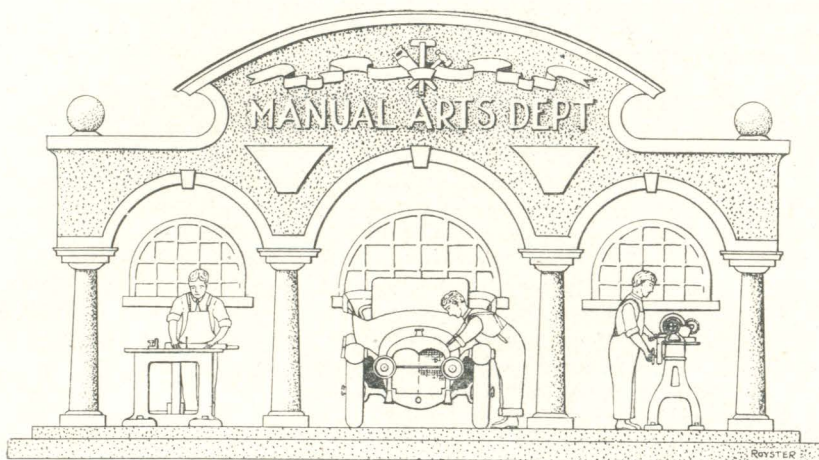
Though toil and tears o'erhung his life,
And mists of sorrows to him clung,
This peasant sang, 'mid work and strife,
Songs like those the wild Taverock sung.

'Tis he who mourns the fatal hour,
Wherein his ploughshare rudely cleaves
The mountain daisy from the stoure,
And leaves it fading, bloom and leaves.

'Tis he whose tender sympathy,
Finds not too lowly for its own
The grey field mouse, each flower and tree,
To these his tender love was shown.

Dear Scottish bard, who loved to sing
Of nature's haunts, to you belong
The wrapt devotion, that we bring,
You live for aye in Scottish song.

—*Esther Thompson.*



Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler.

WITH REGARDS TO THE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

The work in the Automobile Department has become very popular; and under the supervision of Mr. Hewitt, has made much progress. The necessity of the work is due not only to the growing number of pleasure cars now in use, but also to the fact that at present the government is in need of skilled mechanics in this line. Practically every former graduate of this department is at present connected in some way with the army.

It has been decided to offer a short course in the automobile instruction, in order that those who found it impossible to devote a whole year to the work could get some amount of knowledge in the matter. This short course began the first week in January and will continue throughout the winter quarter. By having it at this time of the year, many of the young men employed on farms will find it convenient to attend the course. Not only will the work be of value to them as applied to automobiles, but it will include valuable information concerning gas engines, and other mechanical conveniences now employed in modern farming.

The work offered will be of a varied nature, and will depend to a great extent upon the aptitude of the individual students. Vulcanizing, mechanical and electrical work, and other usual problems will be taken up. Instruction will also be given in machine shop fundamentals. A very important work, forging, will be given to all students; and if time permits, brazing, soldering and welding will be practiced.

REORGANIZATION OF COURSE.

For some time past there has been growing a belief among those interested in Bradley, that by the reorganization of the four-year course in the Manual Arts, more problems could be met satisfactorily, and a greater benefit derived by the students in general. As yet nothing entirely definite has been decided upon, but Mr. Siepert and other instructors in the department have advanced new theories and opinions. It is thought well to conform closely to the demands of the Smith-Hughes Law; and to allow specializing in particular desirable lines of work for which the student is fitted.

PRACTICE TEACHING.

The arrangements for the classes in practice teaching have been completed, and active work will probably commence immediately. This phase of instruction is quite beneficial to the students of Bradley who intend to become teachers. By this method they may begin actual work in teaching, while they are yet under the direct supervision of a competent instructor. This instructor who has charge of the work is able to offer valuable suggestions, and help solve any difficult problems that may confront the prospective teacher.

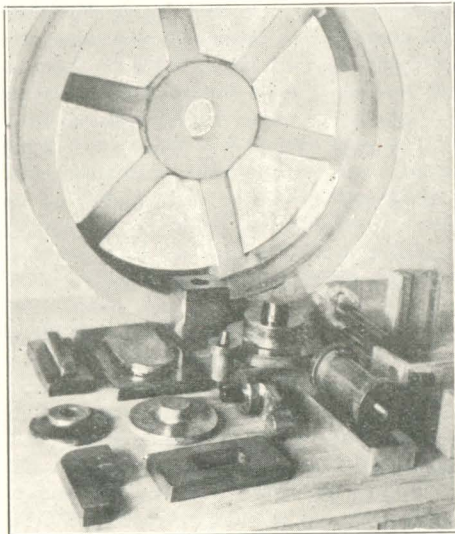
This year it is planned to have the boys of the seventh and eighth grades of St. Mark's school come to the Bradley shops and receive instruction from the members of the Senior Normal class. The instruction given will be in both mechanical drawing and woodworking. Mr. E. A. Johnson and Mr. Siepert will have the supervision of the work.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

It might interest our readers to know that in the next issue of the "Manual Training Magazine" there will be an article by Mr. Ora Neill on the "Use and Care of the Concrete Mixer."

During the vacation, Mr. Neill and a large force of concrete workmen put down a floor in the basement of the South Manual Arts Building. Mr. Neill has become very expert in the care of the concrete mixer, especially in the *cranking*, and his article on this subject will be of much value to anyone who ever expects to do any concrete work. To those readers who will not have an opportunity to see this article, we may say that Mr. Neill will be pleased to answer any question which you may have.

The results of the class in Pattern Making of last quarter are partially shown in the accompanying photograph taken by the instructor, Mr. Johnson. The patterns in the cut represent only one of each kind of project; but on examination one can see that the course includes a wide variety of work. The different articles are made with reference to group distinctions based on the special allowances used in pattern work. The large pattern in the background is for the Pony Brake wheel, of which some reference has been made in a previous issue.



MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE.

The Junior Normal student body are assembled under Mr. Raymond again for the winter quarter. The quarter's work is to present some very interesting and valuable points to the prep. teachers. To start with, the students are going to rebuild the speed lathes. One of these has been in service for eighteen years and is still in fair condition. This lathe was made in the shops of Bradley, some of the patterns being made by Mr. Hurff and others by Ted Brown of Brown Brothers, real estate dealers. This work presents to the students a problem which they may run into when they are teaching and the different ways of rebuilding and refitting each part of the lathes will be discussed by the class.

It will also put the speed lathes in first-class condition with only about two weeks' work. Some of the other lathes are only about eight years old and are found to be in fairly good condition. There are more such problems which may be worked out by this class, such as building a new lathe.

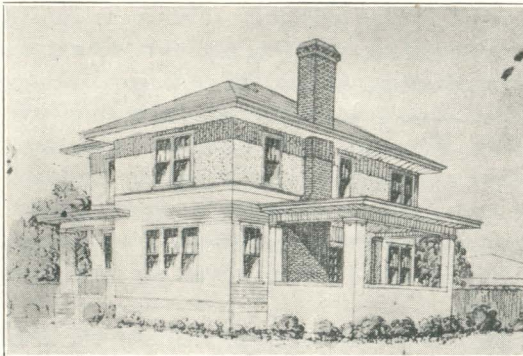
NOTES.

Rudolph Schmid, who for the last year or so has been teaching in Memphis, Tenn., is now studying art at the Academy of Design in New York City. Mr. Schmid has had remarkable success since beginning this work last September. He has received four or five promotions, and has lately been honored with an average high enough to entitle him to a place among the first ten of the students at the academy.

Mr. G. A. Todd of the class of 1914, and who has for the last seven years been supervisor of the Manual Arts in the Kankakee High School, has resigned his position. He has accepted a similar position in a city in southern California.

Word has been received from C. A. Martin, who left some weeks ago to enlist in the aviation department. At that time he was stationed at the Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, but expected to leave for some point in Texas in a few days. Mr. Martin had been given temporary charge of a squad of twenty men during transportation.

The class in Architectural Drawing turned out some very fine perspective drawings last year. Among them was the drawing from which the following cut was taken, made by Mr. R. G. Krumseig. The work done in the fall quarter of this term was drawings in elevation, which were rendered in water color. No perspective drawings were made during that period.





EDITORIAL



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Castle Zartman	Dorothy Griesser	Lucille Johnson

THE TECH is published by the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute on or about the third Thursday of each month. All copy should be in the hands of the editors by the fifth of the month to insure publication. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year if paid before January 1st, and \$1.25 thereafter. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions should be paid to manager only.

BRADLEY CHORUS The concerts of the Bradley Chorus have always been looked forward to by music lovers of Peoria not only because of the finished work of the chorus but also because of the noted soloists which are brought here to assist in the program. This year the chorus will present its first concert on the evening of March the eighth, the program to consist of a cantata, "The Deacon's Masterpiece," by Fletcher. We have been especially fortunate in securing as soloist, Miss Lucille Stephenson of Chicago, a soprano of great ability and one who is well known throughout the country. Miss Stephenson took part in a musical program given in celebration of the tenth anniversary of Bradley. Recently she took the solo part in Handel's "Messiah" given by the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago.

For those who are members of the chorus it is particularly

urged that they make a special effort to come to each rehearsal and to see that others are present. The time is very short with much work to do and since the chorus is smaller than in years previous, individual absences will more seriously retard the work.

SAFEST SMALL INVESTMENTS The government of the United States, in issuing War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps, is extending to all the people an opportunity to help win the war. People do not have to be rich enough to purchase a Liberty Bond to aid. They may lend the government as little as 25 cents at a time, and still feel that every time they buy a little thrift stamp they are doing something for their country.

This new inducement to save is of tremendous importance to all the people. We have been the most extravagant nation on earth, having grown so fast that we have overlooked the little things. Our interests have largely been in the biggest farms and factories, the longest railroads and rivers, the biggest buildings and bridges, and the broadest men and measures.

The day of conservation, of taking care of the nickels and dimes and of doing away with all forms of waste, is at hand. Now the extravagant shall become weak and the thrifty strong.

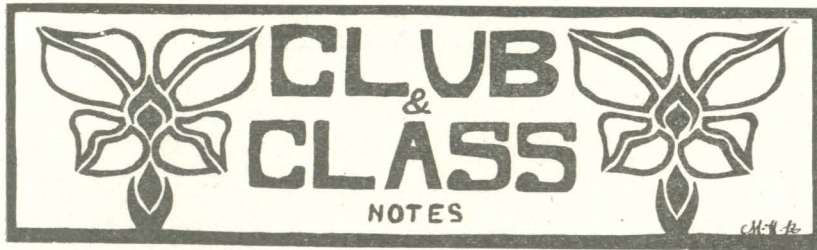
This thrift campaign is the most natural and rational thing in the world. It would have come without the war, though more slowly, for it is a necessary part of our national life that we should change our habits and learn to save. The emergency created by the war has simply furnished the most convenient and the soundest method of turning small savings into profitable investments.

Aside from the mere act of saving, patriotism should prompt every person to buy these stamps and certificates up to the limit of their capacity, or the limit that one person may hold under the law. They give every man, woman and child a chance to help supply the food, clothing and war materials that our brave soldiers must have if they are to carry the Stars and Stripes to that victory that will be won under the greatest galaxy of flags ever gathered together on any battle field since time began.

? ? ? The Tech is not altogether satisfied with the quantity and quality of the stories which have been pre-

sented for publication. This is perhaps the only respect in which The Tech does not fully equal or excel publications of a similar nature in other schools. It is true that we are greatly handicapped in having so limited a course in English but nevertheless in a school of this size and standing such a marked lack of literary effort is abnormal. College papers have always been noted for their clever, snappy, original stories and poems and have furnished a place where real talent first finds expression. Up to the present but one student has contributed poetry of merit. In spite of the inducement of substantial prizes the majority of stories have been obtained only after long searching and much urging on the part of the Literary Editor. It may be too much to expect from two year college people, but we ought to have a marked increase in voluntary contributions. There should be more stories and poems than we can use. Then perhaps we may hope to find some of those rare treasures, a story of real literary merit and of college press calibre.

LUNCH LINE We confess that it is with a feeling of doubt "MOOCHERS" indeed, a feeling of utmost anxiety, that we broach this delicate subject. It seems that certain of our most charming feminine acquaintances are afflicted with prodigious appetites; appetites which cause them to rush pell mell through the hall at the stroke of the noonday bell and implant themselves thickly about the lunch counter in much the same way that certain famous cartoonists are wont to portray a Friday morning bargain sale. This, however, is not our great concern. We could easily put up with the bargain counter if the young ladies were not so forgetful in another matter. Sometimes they forget that there are people ahead of them, also with prodigious appetites. Of course this "mooching", as some misguided person once suggested, is merely thoughtlessness. We do not credit the ugly rumor that the girls are taking advantage of our twentieth century chivalry. In the all important rush to get there before the soup is exhausted, it is not unusual that they should forget and slip in ahead of the rest. Tied with the fetters of chivalry we are helpless to protest except in the highly delicate and diplomatic fashion herewith illustrated and so pin our faith on the awakening conscience of these young ladies. Hoping that the pangs of conscience may exceed the pangs of hunger we anxiously await improvements.



Edited by Booth Williamson.

Heretofore it has been considered an honor to belong to most of Bradley's various clubs. May it continue to be so. If there is anything more pitiful than a club which has to go out and beg people to join, it is the club which having done so, finds itself encumbered with a set of disinterested members. All membership committees should be extremely careful as to whose names they present as candidates for entrance. Let them at least consult the one whose name is up for consideration, as to whether he desires to join or not. Let them also remember this. Once a person's name is considered by a membership committee, he is practically a member of the club, for no one would have the audacity to rise and oppose his becoming a member when his name comes up before the whole body. Oh, no. We might hurt someone's feelings. We have not been careful enough about this matter in the past and as a consequence most of our so called clubs are built up around a few enthusiastic members who are the life of the whole thing and a vast number of superfluous hangers on who are there for goodness only knows what reasons.

ENGLISH CLUB.

At the last meeting of Bradley English Club, Frances Beecher reviewed "The Clod," by Louis Beach, and Ruth Drysdale, "The Glittering Gate," by E. Dunsany. After the discussion of the two plays, Mr. Collins read several of J. B. Foley's poems. We regret being unable to comment upon the program, as it was no doubt interesting, but we must refrain, since absence, tho it might render the pen complimentary, might cause it to set down something inconsistent with truth. Perhaps even if we had been present and could with sincerity write that Miss Beecher "gave a masterful interpretation of 'The Clod';" that Miss Drysdale "fairly recreated 'The Glittering Gate' and made it swing smoothly back on its golden hinges"; that Mr. Collins read "feelingly and with deep expression," all three would be much offended. We have previously been brought up short for having paid an empty compliment and it leaves a bad taste in our mouth. Hereafter we shall not try to praise anyone unless it is absolutely necessary, since praise from this quarter appears in the guise of blame to the ones who happen to be the recipients of our perfectly harmless and well meant encomians.

P. D. CLUB.

The P. D. Girls in conjunction with the members of the Lambda Phi sorority, gave a Christmas party at the dormitory on the Saturday before vacation. The guests were children from the Associated Charities and all

told, there were about seventy-five present. In view of the Food Conservation Movement and the fact that Christmas is distinctly the children's day, refreshments were served only to them. However, the girls derived as much enjoyment from watching the children have a good time as they would have had, if they themselves had been guests. Games, story-telling and Santa Claus occupied the afternoon program. Dr. Packard makes a capital Santa Claus and for some time kept his identity unknown to the members of the two societies. Some of the members in residence, kindly assisted with their machines so the children arrived at the dormitory and left in safety and comfort.

After the children had departed with their gifts of mittens, dolls and balls, and with their pockets full of candy and cookies, Mr. Beggs entertained the girls so hospitably at supper that they considered the day a great success.

On Friday, December 14th, the P. D. Club, by way of celebration in honor of Miss Le Fevre's birthday, gave a luncheon. Dr. and Mrs. Burgess, with the faculty members most closely connected with the out of town girls, aided in making the affair a complete surprise. Miss Le Fevre, as most everyone knows, is the founder of the Pellite Desiderium Club and the girls feel that they cannot honor her too much.

The out-of-town girls, in place of the usual manless meeting for November, gave a party in Social Hall to all out-of-town men, in which they endeavored to demonstrate the purpose of the club. Had anyone been homesick on that evening, the girls would have failed in their effort, but either there were none thus afflicted or else they were discreet enough to conceal their unhappy state for all at least appeared to be enjoying themselves. The girls feel greatly pleased, especially at the way the Horologs turned out and hope that they feel repaid for the pleasure which they gave those in charge of the entertainment.

The first part of the evening was taken up by a dialect reader whom everyone felt, did not talk half long enough. Miss Frances Beecher played several violin solos to the gratification of the guests and the rest of the evening was given over to the games committee, who made the company forget grown up manners and go back to play days again. Dancing occupied part of the time after refreshments had been served and an evening all too short came to an end.

HISTORY CLUB.

On the evening of December the tenth, the Bradley History Club held its first regular meeting of the year at the home of Marion and Jay Covey.

Mr. Campbell presented his resignation as president, owing to the fact that as the point system is now being strictly adhered to, his points were found to exceed the allotted number. Mr. Ray Camp was unanimously elected to fill this vacancy.

In view of the fact that the Illinois Centennial is to be celebrated this

year, the club is studying the history of its own state. At this meeting Mr. Campbell gave the history of Illinois up to 1800. It is the intention of the program committee to complete this history up to the present time in the following meetings.

A short *resume* of the work accomplished by the 65th Congress was given by Mr. Covey and while the hostess served dainty refreshments, a discussion led by Dr. Wyckoff followed concerning "Diplomacy in the Present War."

FRENCH CLUB.

The French Club met again on December fifteenth and the name of M. Brunswick was added to the membership list. The possibility of a French play in the near future was discussed but no definite plans were made.

The following program was then enjoyed:

Life of Alexander Dumas Pere.....	Mlle. Chandler
French Solo—Boisepais.....	M. Bright
Life of Alexander Dumas Fils.....	Mlle. Kanne
Resume des histories des deux auteurs.....	Mlle. Du Boff
French Solo.....	M. Griesser

NOTED WOMAN COMING TO BRADLEY.

One of the red letter days on the calendar for January is the coming of Miss Rachel Gallagher to Bradley.

If you've never heard of her, the Woman's Administrative Council wants to tell you about her and also give you the opportunity of seeing and hearing her. Think of it, she is the Secretary of the Woman's Department of the State-City Labor Exchange of Cleveland, Ohio. She is going to come the later part of January and tell us of the new openings for women in business caused by the war. Miss Gallagher is not a woman of vision only, but one who does things. With the state and city backing her, she certainly fills a position of which anyone might be proud. Let every girl in Bradley take this opportunity of hearing such a noted woman. Watch for the date.

TAKE NOTICE SECRETARIES.

When anything interesting happens to your organization, if that is possible, and you are not too over-burdened with the weighty cares of life, PLEASE make a note of it in somewhat readable language if you make use of that kind, and drop it in The Tech box outside the General Office. Otherwise somebody is going to be offended because we fail to record their appearance in an important program. Kindly do this much and save yourself the botheration of being chased by a hungry news gatherer.



Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Emily Bennett and Grace Ainslie.

WHAT'S NEW.

There are not many changes in the department this quarter. A few new Junior girls are enrolled. Miss Campbell has Miss Kate Zaepfel as an assistant in teaching her large class in millinery. Miss Zaepfel is a practical milliner and has recently been connected with Block & Kuhl's millinery department.

It has been announced that hereafter the knitting shop in Room 15 will be open on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The chairman is very anxious to have all garments in as soon as possible. If it is impossible to finish them soon, please turn in the unfinished garments.

HOOVER CUSTOMES.

On the days that the Junior girls have cooking they all don Hoover costumes. Have you seen them? They look quite scientific and trim. The girls all cut out and started their costumes in sewing class last quarter and finished them during vacation. The costume consists of a simple blue dress trimmed with large white pique collars and cuffs and a white cap banded with white pique. An insignia is sometimes placed on the cap but I believe none of the girls have as yet procured any.

CUT DOWN CANDY.

What about it? Are you a slacker when it comes to cutting down on candy, that is, candy made up mostly of sugar? We seem to be unthinkingly careless in this matter. Do you realize that candy is one of the most concentrated forms of sugar we use and that sugar is one of the four foods that the people of the United States must conserve if we are to properly assist our allies? The Illinois division of the United States Food Administration dwelt considerably on this topic in the plea and practical assistance information that it sent out just before Christmas. The following is quoted:

"Not every American boy and girl can be a John Paul Jones or a Mollie Pitcher, but every one of them can show the Jones and Pitcher stuff by cleaning up their plates, dipping lightly into the sugar bowl, and especially in cutting down on candy that contains sugar. Remember, you have a chance to help the United States write the most glorious page in all history, for this war to make the world free is fought by people as well as armies and navies. Back of the first-line trenches are second and third-line trenches, big guns, balloons and aeroplanes, ships, money, factories and mines, farms and kitchens, and right on down to the plates and cups of every man, woman and child.

"The girl who insists on a box of fine candy from her beau is just as

much a slacker as the boy who empties the sugar bowl in his coffee cup, the woman who throws away stale bread and fat meat, the farmer who allows part of his land to lie idle, the banker who won't help liberty bond sales, the soldier who plays sick when a battle is on."

Many substitutes containing fruits, chocolate, nuts, maple sugar, molasses, corn syrup and the like were brought forward at Christmas time. Let's be patriotic and try these substitutes. The girls in one of the eastern colleges have voluntarily pledged themselves to receive no sugar candy. We can at least cut down.

HELPING AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE.

Six of the Senior girls are teaching at the Neighborhood House this quarter. Soon others will be asked to assist in the plan of preparing and selling properly cooked food to the women of the Dorcas Society as they leave for their homes after their meetings.

RESULTS IN BELGIUM RELIEF WORK.

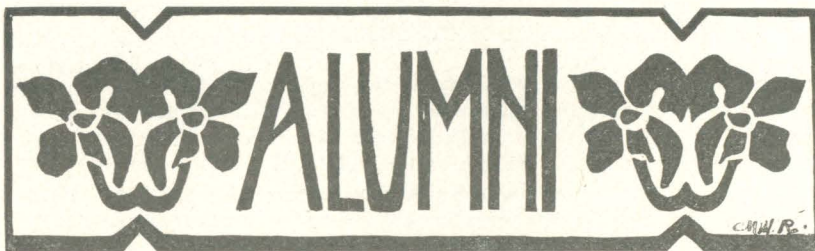
Miss Scullin reports that the sewing department turned in to the Red Cross about two dozen children's dresses at the end of last quarter. The Red Cross committee was delighted with the work.

STATE OF IOWA GETS FORMER BRADLEYITE.

Miss Janet Cation, 1905, is commencing her duties as extension agent from the Iowa State Agricultural College. She is to visit one hundred thirty-three high schools in the state of Iowa, where graduates of the college are teaching Domestic Art, to give these teachers further instruction in the economical use of textiles. This is, in a way, a part of the general conservation idea and she is especially working on substitutes for wool. Then she is to teach women how to buy economically. Before visiting the schools she goes to Chicago to visit the big wholesale houses to find out the kinds of cloth that are available and the prices. She is also working with the making over of clothing. Miss Cation's work for the past few years has enabled her to be regarded as an expert in the economic use of textile materials and she has been especially interested in reaching the people in the rural and small high schools.

EDUCATIONAL FOOD SHOW.

The State Council of Defense is giving a Patriotic Food Show in Chicago from January 5 to January 13. This show is for the entire state and is to demonstrate "What to Eat and How to Cook It." It is not instigated for the profits of the exhibitors, but is purely educational in spirit; to show the public practical ways to conserve the food supply by the use of nutritious and palatable substitutes. The exhibitors, coming from all over the state, are under the direction of the management. The University of Illinois, the University of Chicago, Lewis Institute, and the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences in Chicago are in charge of the demonstrations of three hundred and fifty recipes prepared by one hundred experts. Assistance is also to be given through the Department of Agriculture, the United States Food Administration, and the Bureau of Fisheries. Miss Shoppell is attending the exposition, helping through the University of Illinois, and will doubtless bring back many interesting suggestions.



Edited by Mary Beeman.

Miss June Kellar, 1917, was married on December 6th to Henry Grimes, who graduated from Bradley Academy in 1908. Mr. Grimes has been in business in Peoria for some years and their residence will be in this city.

On December 26th, Miss Mildred A. Glasgow, class of 1913, was married to Lawrence E. May, class of 1916. Mr. May has a fine position with the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. in Chicago. His work is connected with the manufacture of dyes.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Gladys Cain of Lafayette, Indiana, to Paul V. Strehlow. The marriage is set for next spring.

During the holiday vacation, Dr. Burgess received a visit from one of the most successful of Bradley's alumni, Frank C. Becht, Ph. D., graduate of 1905. Mr. Becht was a fine student at Bradley and as a result of his natural ability and faithfulness in work, he was able to graduate from both the Literature and Science Groups in the same year. He won the U. of Chicago scholarship, graduated there in 1906 and was immediately given a position in the department of Physiology. He continued his graduate studies there and received the Ph. D. degree in 1909 and later was made assistant Professor of Physiology at the U. of Illinois and two years after that assistant Professor of Pharmacology. Thinking that a medical course would be of advantage in this particular department, he completed a course for the degree of M. D. at Northwestern in 1915. He was made assistant Professor of Physiology at the U. of Chicago in the fall of 1914. At the end of the last school year he was called to the position of Pharmacology at the Northwestern Medical School. This is an important position. Dr. Becht has been working for several years in research in regard to the blood and is to present a paper giving the results at the National Medical Meeting soon.

U. S. Sewrey, who was a student in Manual Training at Bradley about two years ago but since that time has been teaching at Quincy, Illinois, visited the Institute the latter part of December. He is planning to complete his work in the near future. He has evening classes at Quincy in addition to his day work and is also engaged upon certain inventions which may prove of interest.

Word has just reached Peoria that Clarence C. Leffingwell, class of 1900, is dead. This is a great loss to the alumni body since Mr. Leffingwell was one of the best type of Bradley graduates. He took his Ph. B.

degree at the U. of Chicago in 1902 and returned to Bradley to teach in the Latin department. Later he traveled with J. B. Greenhut as a tutor to his son. He then entered business with Collier & Sons, publishers, New York City, taking a position in their advertising department. Since 1911 he has been connected with the firm of George Batten Company, New York City. He was married in 1906 to Marguerite Crofoot, a graduate of 1900. They lived for some years in Hackensack, N. J. Mr. Leffingwell was interested in every good undertaking at Bradley while a student here and is very appreciatively remembered by faculty members and former students.

Miss Dorothy Gaddis is teaching in the Oak Hill school, near Metamora, Illinois.

Miss Elsie Bacon, 1917, is studying music in Putnam, Illinois.

Miss Gladys Brown, 1917, is at home in the city and has been doing a little teaching as a substitute in the Peoria schools.

Miss Isabel Pomeroy, 1917, is at home in Holton, Kansas, and is taking some additional college work in Campbell College at Holton.

Miss Maude Minch, 1917, is taking a business course at the Sanderson Business College, in Indianapolis.

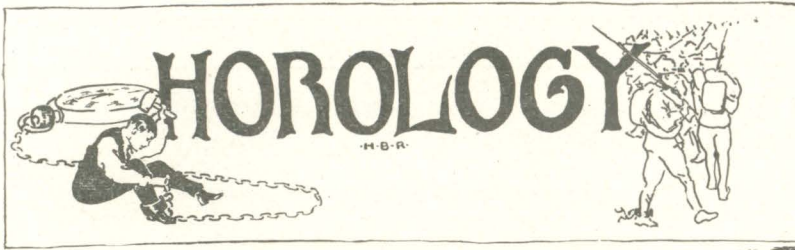
Miss Pauline L. Munday, 1917, is now employed in the office of the Larkin Company of this city.

List of Names of Bradley Boys Now in the Service of the U. S. Government.

ALFS, GEORGE C.
ALLEN, RAYMOND B.
ALLEN, WILLIAM R.
ARMSTRONG, LEONARD.
BAER, THADDEUS,
Navy.
BAER, JOHN V.
BAKER, RUSSELL W.,
Aviation.
BALLANCE, WILLIS.
BECKER, J. WIETING.
BEECHER, BENJ. S.,
First Lieutenant.
BERG, MORITZ,
Aviation.
BLAKE, CLYDE G.,
Navy)Hos.
BOCKELBRINK, CHRISTIAN.
BOERCKEL, ALBERT,
Camp Funston, Kan.
BRICKNER, HENRY E.
BROWN, CARMAN H.,
Navy, U. S. S. Wisconsin.
BRUNINGA, WILLIAM.
BUNN, LORING T.,
First Lieutenant.
BURT, MILLARD.
BUTLER, ALLEN G.,
Houston, Texas.
BUTLER, FRANKLIN M.,
Sergeant.
BYRON, LESTER,
First Lieutenant.
CASTLE, DREW W.,
Aviation.
CATION, HOWARD D.,
Munitions Factory.
CLARK, BRUCE B.,
Signal Corps.
CLARKSON, ARTHUR D.
CLEAVELAND, GEORGE W.

COALE, A. VERNON,
Navy.
COLLIER, HAROLD.
COOPER, HUGH E.)Dr.
CORNELISON, ROBERT M.,
Ordnance.
COVEY, E. LINN,
Navy.
CUNDIFF, WILLIAM I.,
Benj. Harrison Camp, Indiana.
DAILY, J. MARLOWE,
Ambulance Corps)France.
DAILY, PAUL,
Second Lieutenant, Artillery.
DAVIS, JAMES L.,
Rock Island Arsenal.
DAVIS, L. E.,
U. S. Marines.
DAY, HERBERT.
DEVAULT, HOWARD I.
DEWEY, WILLIAM W.,
Captain.
DITEWIG, GEORGE,
Ordnance.
DWINNELL, BRUCE E.,
Corporal.
EASTON, SIDNEY H.)Dr.
EDWARDS, DEFWIN.
EGERTON, J. STANLEY.
ELLIS, EDWARD.
EVANS, DONALD W.
EVANS, MARION,
Navy.
EWALT, WALTER,
Ambulance Corps, Camp Funston, Kan.
FRITSCH, HERMAN,
Navy.
GESSLER, WILLIAM,
Engineering Corps)France.
GOODFELLOW, THOMAS,
Second Lieutenant.

- GOSS, JOHN MAYO.
GRAHAM, ARTHUR C.,
Ordnance.
GRAY, J. MERRELL,
Second Lieutenant, Light Artillery.
GRIER, THOMAS,
Field Artillery.
HALE, HERBERT S.
HALL, WARNER.
HANSBERRY, MARIMON, JR.
HARRIS, DAVID,
Engineering Corps, Camp Ayres, Mass.
HAUK, ZARAH.
HAYWARD, MORRIS H.
HEARNE, GEORGE M.,
Hospital Corps, Navy.
HENDERSON, W. H.
HERDRICH, ALONZO W.
HILDABRANDT, BURTON,
HILDABRANDT, GEORGE.
HILL, NEWTON I.
HINDLE, J. RUSSELL,
Ordnance, Sergeant.
HOLMES, PAUL.
HOLT, EVERETTE,
Rock Island Arsenal.
HOWELL, ALBERT E.
ISELE, CARL I.
JENKINS, THOMAS A.,
Sergeant, 349th Inf., Ft. Dodge.
JENNINGS, CYRUS F.,
Ordnance.
JONES, HARRY V.,
Ordnance.
JORDAN, AMANDUS L.,
First Lieutenant.
JUILLERAT, WILLIAM B.
KARLING, ERIK.
KELLER, ELLIOTT R.
KELLAR, ROSCOE.
KELLER, GORDON.
KERN, ROY A.,
Hospital Corps.
KLOTZ, HARRY,
Aviation, Rantoul.
KUPPER, WALTER.
KURTZ, VERNON.
LIDLE, WALTER,
Ordnance.
LOWES, RALPH C.,
Ensign.
LUKE, LOY K.
McDOUGAL, ROBERT D.,
Ambulance.
MANN, JUSTIN S.
MAPLE, RAY,
Ensign.
MARTIN, CARL A.,
Aviation.
MARTIN, EDWARD,
Captain, Houston, Texas.
MAURER, FREDERICK) Dr. (.
MILES, GRANT M.,
Captain.
MILLER, FULTON.
MOORE, ROBERT B.
MOORE, ROBERT B.
MOUNT, PAUL.
MULFORD, CHARLES R.
NELSON, JOHN HARRY.
NELSON, WILLIAM,
First Lieutenant.
NORVELL, ARTHUR L.,
Aviation.
OFF, CLARENCE,
Coast Defense.
PAGE, BLAKE.
PAGE, ROY,
Navy.
PARKER, WILLIAM,
Navy.
PATTEE, JAMES,
Rock Island Arsenal.
PATTEN, JAMES M.,
Rock Island Arsenal.
PAUL, HERBERT,
Aviation.
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM P.
PLOWE, JOHN.
POOLE, MALCOM,
POPLE, ALBERT J.,
349th Infantry.
RAMP, CHARLES H.,
Sergeant.
REYNOLDS, GEORGE.
REYNOLDS, RICHARD,
Quartermaster's Dept.
REYNOLDS, VICTOR C.,
Navy.
RHINESMITH, GALE.
RICE, WILLIS,
First Lieutenant, Engineering.
RING, FRANCIS J.,
Navy.
ROBERTS, HOLLAND G.,
Ambulance Corps.
ROBINSON, A. W.,
Ordnance.
ROYSTER, RICHARD S.
SAYLOR, JAMES P.,
Ordnance.
SCHENK, ROGER,
First Lieutenant.
SCHIMPPF, HERMAN,
Ordnance.
SEDGWICK, DONALD.
SEDGWICK, JAMES.
SHOEMAKER, CHARLES H.,
Navy.
SISSON, WILLIAM F.,
Engineering Corps.
SMITH, GEORGE G.,
Second Lieutenant, Ft. Leavenworth.
SQUIRE, CORAL H.,
Corp. Ordnance, Camp Benj. Harrison, Ind.
STEPHENSON, WALTER E.
STONE, J. BOYD.
STONE, WILLIAM E., JR.,
Second Lieutenant.
SUCHER, JACOB G.,
Army.
SWEENEY, VINCENT P.,
Navy.
TEFFFT, IVAN D.,
Ambulance.
TEFFFT, LIONEL,
Aviation.
THEILIG, CHESTER,
Truck Drivers Reserve, Ft. Riley.
THOMAS, PAUL.
TICKNOR, JAMES H.,
First Lieutenant.
TRAVIS, LEONARD J.,
Aviation.
TRIEBEL, CARL O.,
349th Inf., Quartermaster's Dept.
TRIEBEL, CLARENCE,
Navy.
WALDO, PROCTOR C.,
Aviation.
WEAD, FRANK,
Ensign.
WEESE, DONALD O.,
Lieutenant.
WHEELER, BERT O.,
Camp Dodge.
WHEELOCK, GEORGE.
WHEELOCK, RALPH.
WHITE, KENNETH X.
WILLIAMS, CARL D.,
Orderly.
WINN, WILLIAM E.,
Navy, U. S. S. Carolina.



Edited by Alfred Rush and Roman Berens

With the coming of the Christmas vacation the students of the Horology department began leaving, some taking positions through the holiday trade rush, some leaving permanently, while others who were more fortunate just went home to spend their vacation with home folks. Mr. Anderson got a week of much needed rest because he had no one to "Fix 'em up nice" and "File 'em flat," but he is on the job again now. Mr. Brown had but four in his department but the four kept him busy. The upper floor had the largest number, three engravers and two watchmakers.

The more faithful ones who were on the job all the time were: "Shorty" Berens, "Canary" Bartlett, Adolph Feiffer, "Paddlefoot" Fisher, "Germany" Wurch, "Red" Fox, "Texas" Fewel, Benny Patty and Al Davis.

Within the last week we have increased in number, so that when a visitor comes the rooms do not look so empty.

ABOUT THOSE LECTURES.

Mr. Hart, our instructor in finishing, has started another series of lectures. No one is compelled to come to hear Mr. Hart, but his lectures are so good that none who have ever heard him would voluntarily miss them. Mr. Hart has made a thorough study of watches both from books and from competent instructors, and his note book contains valuable material which is ours for the taking. Surely when one can sit and listen with no effort on his part and yet learn the valuable pointers which have been acquired by experience, it behooves him to attend.

DRAUGHTING.

A class in draughting has been organized for those who wish to know more of the theoretical side of watch making. The work deals mostly with the different escapements from the crude form of the past to the perfected forms of today.

OPTICS.

Several students have started in the class of Optics which is held twice a week. This is a good study, for as long as we have defective eyesight optometry will always offer a wide and attractive field for enterprise.

Bob Rutledge, after finishing a complete course in watchwork, jewelry and engraving, returned to his home in Brownsville, Texas, and is now in business with his father.

Nothing but standardized steps and dances, THE HOLLY STUDIO, 309 S. Jefferson Ave.

Jim Bader, of the Sunny South, returned to his home in Mississippi to remain during the winter.

Henry Thornton, of Murray, Ky., is with us again after an absence of two months.

Ed. Hornick, our laundry man, returned to finish watchwork, after enjoying the holidays at his home.

John Wenger is hobbling around on crutches because of blood poisoning in his foot.

"Spud" Rush spent the holidays at his home in Macomb, Ill., assisting his father at the store.

The report is that Mr. Sturtevant is doing better work since he began using centering powder.

Foley is now in St. Louis working with his brother, having completed his course.

George Zuckweiler, who joined the aviation corps, is stationed at St. Louis.

Mr. Yarral, formerly instructor in engraving, is now taking up watchwork. Mr. A. T. Westlake now has charge of that department.

NEW COMERS.

Sidney Stanbach, of DeWitt, Iowa; Floyd Bartlett, of Eugene, Ore.; A. Laham, of Natal, British Columbia.; J. H. Hackney, of Stone, Ky., and Lewis Roach, of Milwaukee, Wis., are the latest students to take up the horology work.

Frank L. Thomas has won a reputation for himself as a blushing Horolog.

The Red Cross will soon receive a fat donation of coppers from "Red" Fox (that tall, good-looking fellow in C room). He is obliged to deposit the sum of one cent for each little cuss word but he claims it is worth it.

Walk-Over Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ALBERS WALK-OVER SHOE SHOP

107 SOUTH ADAMS STREET

Exchanges

Edited by Leland Fleming.

Knitting has come to stay. It is no unusual sight to see one of our fair ones busy with a pair of clicking needles, a ball of yarn, and an ever-growing article of manufacture. Since knitting threatens to become the favorite indoor sport of the Bradley girls, we clipped the following piece from the Illinois College Rambler, since it seemed to have an application here as well as at Illinois:

We Object.

As a rule, the editorial board of the Rambler is in perfect accord. However, now and then, some of the members may chance to venture a personal opinion which metaphorically steps on the toes of some other. This all to the effect that the Associate Rambler wishes to take exception to the remarks contained in the eccentric column. We like to see girls knit and hereby register a commendation. Let us waive the matter of patriotic duty. Knitting has other praiseworthy effects. Whether or not the soldiers ever get the knit knacks (coined purely on the spur of the moment), whether or not they ever fit, we do not care to question. On the other hand, it is a pleasant sight to see the fair ones busy at something. The pleasing click of the needles, the busy manipulation of the fingers, the growing wonder of what it is going to be, to say nothing of the pleasing puzzle of what it is after it is made, is indeed balm to those who are accustomed to seeing the fair sitting idly by, being only their own and only excuse for being. Knitting in the first place is domestic. How pleasant it would be to sit before the fireplace and watch the one you once loved and married busily transforming a ball of yarn into a sock for the baby or perhaps an overcoat for papa. It's all a matter of chance. But tell me, my marriageable masculine friends, would it not be pleasant to contemplate? Count upon it, friends, our wife shall knit. And then, knitting is in a manner teleological (see Webster). If the tender ones were not knitting, what might they be doing! It is to contemplate. They might even be talking. Consider that, Mr. Eccentric Rambler, and masticate your own statements. Knit on, little ones, knit on, and let the stitches drop where they may.

FACT, FANCY AND FABLE

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We should strive to do our best;

And departing leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.—Ex.

Don't forget Bud's & Howard's Dance at the Women's Club, November 3rd.

During the present school year many new interests have made their appearance, interests that divert the student's attention from his regular work. We cannot pick up an exchange without seeing articles and poems about the war. Truly, no subject is so near to our hearts, and there are no more loyal and patriotic people than college students. The college papers, as a consequence, are patriotic in spirit, and show to their readers that all honor has been given those who left school to enter the service of Uncle Sam. It is altogether right and proper that it should be thus. The college paper, however, amid these diverting conditions should not let down on the standard of its various departments. For instance, ye editor finds that a surprising number of college papers have done away with their exchange department. The question is, can they afford to do this, for it is through this department alone that they come in contact with other schools.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges for this month:

The Hedding Graphic, Abingdon, Ill.—Your paper is full of life and very well put together. Wouldn't a few cuts help a lot? We are glad to see you have retained your exchange department even if it is small.

Augustana Observer, Rock Island, Ill.—A fine paper with a well developed literary and exchange department. How about a few pictures next month?

The Decaturian, Decatur, Ill.—A very patriotic paper deserving much credit. An exchange department would improve it, however.

Red and White, Woodstock, Ill.—We congratulate you on a very neat paper. Ye editor enjoyed reading "The Scar". We are glad to see an exchange department.

TAKE NOTICE, BOYS.

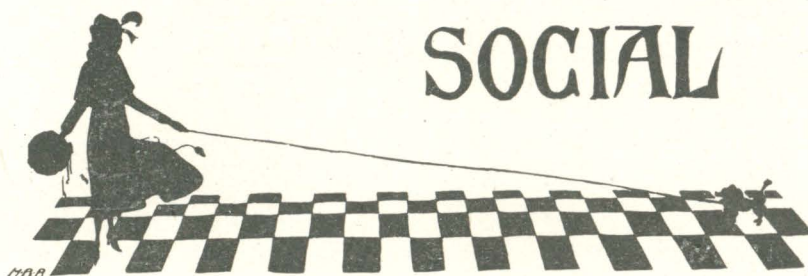
When a certain student left home his father told him that if he ever needed to telegraph him, to make it brief and to the point. A short time later the father got this telegram: "S. O. S. \$ R. S. V. P., P. D. Q."—*Ex.*

The constant drip of water
 Wears away the hardest stone,
 The constant growl of Towser
 Masticates the hardest bone.
 The constant cooing lover
 Carries off the blushing maid,
 And the constant advertiser
 Is the man who gets the trade.—*Ex.*

"To start things coming your way, go after them."

Noah perhaps had the first navy, but Jonah had the first submarine.—*Ex.*

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.



SOCIAL

Edited by Gertrude Hoagland.

MANY SOCIAL AFFAIRS MARK HOLIDAY SEASON.

Saturday evening, December 15th, Miss Clarissa Wiggins entertained the active chapter of Omicron Tri Kappa and their faculty advisor, Miss Seitz, with dinner in the grill room of the Jefferson Hotel. Omicron colors were used profusely in the decoration. After dinner the guests attended the Bradley basketball game.

Wednesday, the 19th of January, a sewing and business meeting of the Omicron sorority was held at the home of Mrs. Godfrey Luthy on Park-side Drive. The afternoon was given over to the making of bandages for the Red Cross, after which the hostess served tea.

On Wednesday, December 19th, the Lambda Phi actives entertained a group of small boys with a Christmas party at the Neighborhood House.

Wednesday evening, December 19th, the active chapter of Omicron Tri Kappa entertained about fifty boys at the Neighborhood House, with a Christmas party.

The annual interfraternity dance given by the Alpha Pi fraternity was held at the Women's Club, Wednesday, December 19th. The rooms were decorated with purple and white streamers floating from the middle of the ceiling. In one room, a replica of the fraternity pin was made in the fraternity colors. Dr. and Mrs. Charles T. Wyckoff and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Packard chaperoned the youthful dancers. The fraternity men and their guests were: The Misses Marian Covey, Gertrude Sehm, Maude Berger, Helen Tinan, Muriel Morgan, Gertrude Hoagland, Lucile Walker, Florence Walton, Berniece Boblett, Marjorie Creviston, Grace Hoagland, Helen Wilson, Nina Keith, Marian Hadfield, Lucille Johnson, Gertrude Turner, Inez McClure, and Emily Benton. Messrs. Carl Griesser, David Dunlop, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Orwood Campbell, Donald Murphy, Mayo Goss, Henry Goss, Ralph Rogers, Ed. Jacquin, Sidney Goodner, Harry Brady, Reginald Packard, Castle Zartman, Jay Covey, Walter Lidle, Carl Buchele, Henry Gilbert, Charles Mulford, and Oliver Williams.

On the evening of December 20th, Herbert White entertained the members of the Senior Academy class at his home on Glen Oak avenue. Dancing

Nothing but standardized steps and dances, THE HOLLY STUDIO, 309 S. Jefferson Ave.

and games of a very informal nature filled the evening after which refreshments were served. The guests included: Misses Lennarie Norton, Alma Goodrich, Adelaide Kanne, Margaret Turnbull, Leah Bottigheimer, Leatha Houghton, Gretchen Hulsebus, and Eunice Daly; Messrs. Donald Hawyard, Henry Wittick, Clarence Wynd, John Taylor, Harry Gordon, Dwight Ernest, and Herbert White.

Friday, December 21st, the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority met at the home of Winifred Luthy at one of the delightful informal gatherings.

In honor of Robert Graham of Monmouth, Marcella Disney gave a dinner party, December 22nd. The guests afterward attended the "script dance" at the Women's Club. Those present were: Mildred Leisy, Elizabeth Avery, Marcella Disney, Charles Bruninga, Landis Hayward, and Robert Graham.

Harry Brady gave a stag party and smoker at his home on Dechman avenue, December 26th. Those present were: Carl Buchele, Donald Murphy, Ed. Jacquin, Charles Goss, Howard Harmon, Carl Griesser, David Dunlop, Reginald Packard, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, and Jay Covey.

The Delta Kappa sorority entertained Thursday, December 27th, at a luncheon at Block & Kuhl's, in honor of Mrs. Henry Grimes, who was formerly Miss June Kellar. The girls presented Mrs. Grimes with a set of silver teaspoons. After the luncheon, the matinee at the Orpheum was enjoyed by the following: Mrs. Henry Grimes, Misses Geraldine Mars, Louise Chandler, Evelyn Wendell, Ruth Drysdale, Lois Wysong, Ida Iben, Verniece Goodrich, Mary Misner, Mary Jo Vanderbery, Bernadette Ryan, Gladys Pratt, Dorothy Crowder, Josephine Miles, Telma Poppen, Miriam Horwitz, Frances Wood, and Berniece Boblett.

The Alpha Pi Grand Chapter held their annual luncheon at Block & Kuhl's, Thursday noon, December 27th. John Snyder was elected president of the chapter for the year 1918 to succeed Roger Schenck. Those present were: Dr. Packard, John Snyder, Albert Triebel, Walter Hill, Jake Sucher, Ralph Sucher, Charles Goss, Tom Goodfellow, Bill Parker, Fred. Bourland, George Ditewig, Leonard Putnam, David Dunlop, Dean Battles, Reginald Packard, Harry Brady, Carl Griesser, Jay Covey, and Graham Battles.

On Thursday, December 27th, Florence Coale entertained a number of number of girls at the "Coal House". The afternoon was spent in music and taffy pulling. Those present were: Elizabeth Van Winkle, Emily Bennett, Olga Godel, Ulla Graner, Pauline Pollard, and Florence Coale.

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.

The Sigma Phi's, actives and alumni, enjoyed a stag dinner at the University Club, Thursday, December 27th. Those not attending the dance spent an enjoyable evening with the older men at the fraternity rooms in the Jacquin residence. Those present were: Robert Lackland, Floyd Moore, Orwood Campbell, Castle Zartman, Edwin Jacquin, Donald Murphy, Carl Buchele, Oliver Williams, C. A. Stewart, John Weston, Louis Skidmore, Gus Kupper, Bruce Lackland, John Williams, Homer Jacquin, Wentworth Jacquin, Albert Black, Orville Barbour, William McClintick, and Eugene Harsh.

Elizabeth Avery, Phyllis Maple, Marian Reeves, and Josephine Cowell gave a progressive dinne dance, on Thursday, December 27th. Those present were: Misses Salome Jacobs, Mildred Leisy, Helen Wallace, Lillian Plowe, Marianne Reeves, Phyllis Maple, Elizabeth Avery, and Josephine Cowell; Messrs. Frank Brady, Charles Bruninga, Frederic Avery, Edward Sedgwick, Wheeler McDougal, Gillespie Hassman, James Harvey Scott, and Robert McCormick.

The Lambda Phi sorority gave their annual Christmas dance in the gold room of the Jefferson Hotel, Thursday evening, December 27th. Mr. and Mrs. George Roscoe Page of Holland, Michigan, led the grand march. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Packard. From 9 o'clock until 11, the members and guests danced, and then went down to the palm room where a two-course supper was served. Dancing was resumed at midnight and continued until 2:30 o'clock.

On Friday, December 28th, a number of Senior girls had a spread at Marian Hadfield's. Later they attended the Orpheum. The early morning hours were spent in producing theatricals and the late morning hours were spent in slumber at the home of Emily Bennett. Those present were: Emily Bennett, Ulla Graner, Addie Dorsey, Marian Hadfield, Mildred Garber, Esther Houghton, Pauline Pollard, and Florence Coale.

Friday, December 28th, the Omicron sorority gave their annual Christmas dance at the Hotel Jefferson. Owing to the patriotic movement of the present time, simplicity prevailed.

Saturday afternoon, December 29th, Ulla Graner, Esther Houghton, and Emily Bennett went to Washington to see an amateur vaudeville performance. They visited at the home of Mildred Garber.

Miss Josephine Miles entertained Saturday evening, December 29th, at a dinner party for several of the girls who were spending the holidays at home. Christmas decorations prevailed and covers were laid for Misses Mary Jo Vandenberg, Bernadette Ryan, Gladys Pratt, Dorothy Crowder, Berniece Boblett, Miriam Horwitz, Frances Wood, Evelyn Wendell, Marie Fritsche, Mary Misner Verniece Goodrich, Ida Iben, Lois Wysong, Geraldine Mars, Louise Chandler, Ruth Drysdale, and Mrs. Henry Grimes.

Saturday evening, December 29th, Herbert White gave an informal party at his home. A very enjoyable evening was spent at cards and dancing. Those present were: The Misses Miriam Bass, Eunice Daly, Maud Berger, Helen Wilson, Susan Stinsson, Washington, Lois Sutton, Helen Pennewill, Margaret Wallace, Clara Colean, Helen Tinan, and Lennarie Norton; the Messrs. Frank Bruniga, Nathaniel Smith, Mahler Wilson, Harry Brady, Marvin Cotes, Charles Brobst, Donald Hayward, Robert LaPorte, Bud Battles, and Charles Goss.

Monday afternoon, December 31st, Margaret Wallace entertained with a knitting party. Those invited were: Helen Tinan, Maud Berger, Lennarie Norton, Lucille Johnston, Ruth Whalen, Eunice Daly, Margaret Jobst, Miriam Bass, Helen Wilson, Jessica Lambert, Leda Wysong, Dorothea Troutvetter, Susan Stinsson, Washington, Helen Pennewill, Elizabeth McIlva'ne, Kathryn Bradley, Julia Dunlop, Mildred Ridge, Marjorie Paul, Jane Higgins, Onita Lutz, Maxine McClure, Lois Sutton, Marian Daly, Chicago.

New Year's eve Charles Goss entertained a few friends at Sunnyside Farm. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Goss, Misses Helen Tinan, Frances Beecher, Margaret Wallace, Lennarie Norton, and Clara Colean; Messrs. Graham Battles, Jay Covey, Robert Strehlow, and Howard Harmon.

Miss Clara Colean had for her guests at the informal open house of the Country Club on January 1, 1918, Misses Helen Tinan, Marian Daly, Chicago, Eunice Daly, Messrs. Graham Battles, Edwin Jacquin, Jay Covey, and Howard Harmon.

The annual Christmas dance of the Delta Kappa sorority was held January the first, in the gold room of the Jefferson Hotel. Owing to the present war conditions the utmost simplicity marked the appointments of the affair. Hoffman's orchestra furnished the music for the dancers. Forty-five couples were present.

Edwin Jacquin entertained on the evening of January 4th with an informal party at his home on Barker avenue in honor of Miss Marian Daly of Chicago. Dancing was the amusement of the evening and at a late hour dainty refreshments were served. The guests included: Misses Helen Wilson, Maude Berger, Esther Stowell, Marjorie Creviston, Inez McClure, Helen Tinan, Helen Pennywill, Janice Gillen, Ahna Wieting, and Marian Daly; Messrs. Mahler Wilson, Harry Brady, Donald Murphy, Arthur Faber, Herbert White, Graham Battles, Carl Buchele, Walter Brunswick, and Mervin Cotes.

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.

Saturday, January 5th, the active chapter of Omicron Tri Kappa held a meeting at the home of Miss Gertrude Sehm. After the business meeting the hostess served her guests with tea.

Tuesday, January 8th, the active chapter of Lambda Phi held a meeting at the home of Miss Gertrude Hoagland, on Parkside Drive.

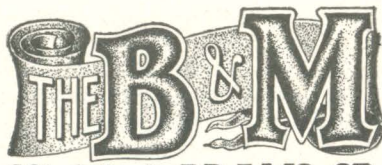
Miss Verniece Goodrich entertained the active chapter of the Delta Kappa sorority at her home on Ayres avenue, Wednesday evening, January 9th.

Wednesday, January 9th, a sewing meeting of the Omicron sorority was held at the home of Mrs. Oliver on Jefferson street.

Spring's Freshness

is radiated from the many new arrivals in things very charming and pretty in spring ready-to-wear apparel for the young lady at this store.

Fresh, crisp, dainty styles which will appeal to the college girl's love of something smart and very new.


201-207 S. ADAMS ST.

ATHLETICS



Editor Kenneth M. Jones.

Assistant Dean Battles

ATHLETIC DIRECTORY.

Captain

Sport

Manager

E. Doubet	Football	Harry Brady
Not Chosen	Basketball	Philip Becker
E. Doubet	Baseball	Not chosen
Not chosen	Track	Not chosen
None	Inter-Mural	Herbert White
None	Tennis	Donald Murphy

ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

Faculty.

Theodore C. Burgess
 Jos. S. Bickle
 Fred C. Brown
 Verne F. Swain

Student Body.

Lower Academy, Robt. McCormick
 Higher Academy, Vacant
 College, F. Becker
 Girls A. A., R. Hayward

Horological, Edward H. Hornick

Alumni

Edward F. Stock

BRADLEY CHOSEN AS SITE FOR 1918 BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.

As had been predicted, little or no bidding took place at the annual meeting of Little 19 coaches and representatives for the conference basketball tournament and Bradley was selected as custodian of the big winter event. Millikin was the lone bidder, but the central location of the Tech school won out against all arguments of the Decaturians. It was considered also that as both Eureka and Wesleyan are reputed to have strong teams, it would be more profitable to stage the tourney in Peoria within nearer distance of the two colleges. The dates of February 28th and March 1st and 2nd were selected for the holding of the tourney.

Coach Brown did not wage a fight to land it, but had agreed to accept it if his school should be selected as the site. In failing to place a bid, Coach Brown recognized the fact that the Red and White will be represented by one of the weakest teams in B. P. I. history. Lack of interest and failure of the student body to support such a five is made probable and without this assistance the success of the tournament would be endangered. Let us see to it that this will not be the case. In future years, Bradley may again wish to be considered as the home for the great indoor athletic event and past records will count for much. Boost!

EMPHASIS IS LAID ON INTER-MURAL SPORTS.

Athletic instructors of the country are beginning to realize the fact that athletics are valuable only in so far as they reach the greatest possible number of active participants. Sitting on the bleachers watching a nip and tuck battle between your school and another is commendable, but at the same time it is far better that you should be one of those actively engaged in effecting the rival's downfall.

To foster inter-mural athletics, Coach Fred Muhl of Wesleyan at a recent meeting of conference coaches, introduced a resolution advocating the holding of a baseball tourney next spring, the title being decided by the gradual elimination of seven of the eight teams that would be allowed to enter. Those schools which could show the largest percentage of male students enrolled in the sport would be considered eligible to take part in the tournament. It was also proposed that a sort of athletic carnival be made out of the event by holding the annual track and field meet in conjunction with the baseball. That the plan produced a favorable impression among the representatives was shown by the early adoption by that body of the new resolutions. The carnival will be held on May 17th and 18th at a place to be selected at a later meeting of the Little 19 officials. The outcome of the novel event will be watched not only by those schools directly concerned, but by the country at large, which is sorely in need of some such system of athletic training as this may successfully provide.

BRADLEY LOSES OPENER TO ILLINOIS COLLEGE.

Suffering a collapse in the last half of the initial game of the season, Bradley accepted defeat at the hands of the Illinois College five in a weird and slow-moving contest staged on the local floor December 5th. Throughout the first half the hilltoppers had kept astride their opponents but with the removal of several first string men in the latter period, the Jacksonville crew leaped to the fore, piling up 13 counters while the Bradleyites contented themselves with three.

It would be necessary to strain the memory to recall a time when the Red and White had before been humbled by the down-state warriors, but this exemplifies clearer than ever before just what sacrifices B. P. I. has made for the cause of humanity. Without a regular o. last year in the lineup, the "Poly" quintet displayed the poorest front of any Bradley team in many years. The ineligibility of Truesdale, who had been counted upon for much at the center post, helped cripple the five.

The game was featured by considerable rough play, due mostly to the fact that it was the first conference struggle for most of the athletes and their inaptitude for handling the ball—advancing with the ball being the chief offense.

Doubet and Becker were the only experienced members of the squad and it was when this pair retired that the avalanche occurred. "Doubie" carried off the honors of the evening, playing a hard and consistent game besides scoring the majority of points for his team. Shehan at center, replacing Lackland, sprung quite a surprise by his clever floor game. With more practice this lad should be able to hold his own with all comers. Aside from these worthy mentions, the work of the Bradley tossers was devoid

of any real basketball, although no doubt all tried hard enough.

Cox and Hill, mainstays on the Illinois 1916-16 squad, turned the trick for their school, Captain Cox leading all the scoring with eleven points.

The summary:

<i>B adley</i> —14	f.g.	f.t.	t.p.	<i>Illinois</i> —24	f.g.	f.t.	t.p.
Doubet f	2	4	6	Cox, f	3	5	11
Zartman, f.	2	0	4	Hill, f.	2	1	5
Lackland, c.	0	0	0	Tomilson, c.	3	0	6
Fuller, g.	1	0	2	P. Daigh, g.	1	0	2
Becker, g.	0	0	0	J. Daigh, g.	0	0	0
Catlin, f.	0	0	0	Cully, c.	0	0	0
Shehan, c.	1	0	2				
Gordon, g.	0	0	0				
					9	6	24
	6	2	14				

Referee, Lantz, Charleston Normal.

BRADLEY BOWS TO FAST EUREKA BUNCH. SCORE, EUREKA 56, BRADLEY 24.

With three of its star members viewing the game from the side lines owing to ineligibility rules, the Bradley quintet bowed to the fast-going Eureka outfit, announcing their willingness by a 56 to 24 count. The early season nervousness which featured the first battle, however, had pretty nearly worn off and but for the great strength of Coach Pritchard's men, who are practically all veterans, would have made a more favorable exhibition. With one or two exceptions, the "Poly" quintet consisted of third and fourth year Academy students.

A goodly crowd accompanied the Red and Yellow squad and kept up the spirit of rivalry with amazing results. The Bradley supporters were there in full fighting array and never for a moment did the excitement lag.

Coach Brown used the same lineup in this game as in the Illinois tilt several weeks before, but judging from the fight put up by the Red and White cohorts, vacation practice produced a bracing effect.

Eureka displayed real class on both the offense and defense and looked like possible conference contenders at moments throughout the scrap. O'Marah and Jury, performing at forward for the visitors, made a peerless pair, each of them caging enough baskets to tie with the Tech total.

For Bradley, Doubet proved the highest point gainer and displayed peculiar accuracy in free throws, landing seven out of a possible nine.

Gordon at back guard put up a good front and aided materially on the offense. "Grick" has the earmarks of a comer and considering that this is his first real experience at the game, his showing is remarkable.

Shehan at center and Fuller at the guard post covered the floor in good fashion but failed to assist appreciably in the hoop ringing.

The summary:

Bradley—				Eureka—			
	f.g.	f.t.	t.p.		f.g.	f.t.	t.p.
Catlin, f.	0	0	0	O'Marah, f.	7	8	22
Doubet, f.	6	6	18	Jury, f.	7	0	14
Shehan, c.	2	0	4	Darst, c.	4	0	8
Hayward, c.	0	0	0	McKensie, g.	3	0	6
Becker, g.	0	0	0	Smith, g.	2	0	4
Fuller, g.	0	0	0	Blauvalt, f.	0	0	0
Zartman, f.	0	0	0	Kaminke, g.	0	0	0
Gordon, g.	1	0	2	Spencer, f.	1	0	0
	9	6	24		24	8	56

For the second time in as many years the northern invasion of the Bradley basketball team was a howling success. Friday, January 11th, Hedding was defeated 34-20 and Saturday, January 15th, Augustana met her superior and the result was 28-18. There may be some members of the team who will object to the use of the word "howling", thinking perhaps of the long waits between acts such as the ten-hour stand at Bureau Junction due to that beautiful blizzard, as Dempsey terms it, which accompanied the team on its trip.

Of course the features of the trip were the two victories, but there were many sidelights to the excursion that all of the members of the team will never forget. Among those of interest were Catlin, whose bottle of ginger ale under his coat is taken for something else; Shehan, who wishes to be buried under the Augie floor; Dempsey, who loses a necktie; Coach and Curly, who refuse to submit to a trimming; Becker, calamity howler, and the crazy hotel clerk who called long shot, nit wit, and "farmer" at an unearthly hour, by mistake. For particulars see any member of the team but Fuller, who is irresponsible.

The most pleasing feature of the trip was the complete reversal of form on the part of the hilltop five. Earl Doubet was the "candy kid" at both games. At Hedding he gave Coach Toelle and a hundred Abington rooters a marvelous exhibition of basket shooting. The score book showed ten baskets at the end of the game. No more notable achievement has in years been recorded than when Phil Becker, manager and guard on the red and white five, dropped in a basket when put into the game at forward against Hedding. Shehan put up a consistent game while the defense of Gordon and Fuller was impregnable. Hedding having defeated Monmouth College in easy fashion, expected to find Bradley "soft pickin's". Abington was a decent place in football season, but with the mercury 26 degrees below zero, a blizzard raging and several hours to wait, it was no place for basketball players from Bradley.

Although they had found their beds but a few hours before, the hilltoppers were forced to climb out of the Custer Hotel very early Saturday morning. After a wait of several hours in the C. B. & Q. station, a train was boarded for Rock Island, despite the fact that trainmen had said "no train today".

Augustana also got a surprise. Cheered on by Don Strauch, and Dutch Yaeger, located in Moline, former Bradley football men, the hilltoppers, lying dormant the first half, snowed Augie under in the second half. The first period ended 9-8 with Augustana leading. Earl Doubet again played stellar basketball, though Zartman, Fuller, Gordon and Shehan were not far behind.

It was not until early Monday morning that the Bradley clan finally returned to their homes, "tired but happy."

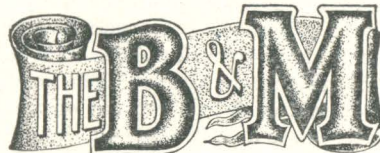
THE BASKETBALL LEAGUES.

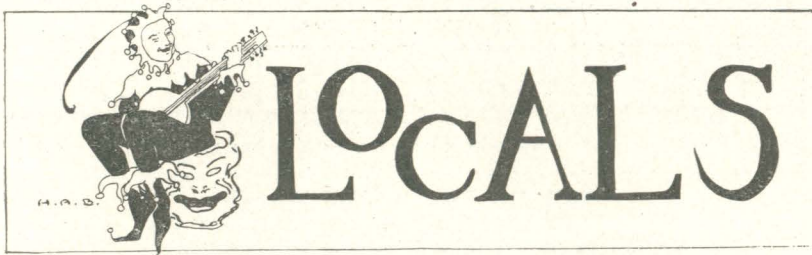
Basketball has for many years been considered as a major sport at Bradley and if the number of students who take an active part in the game is the big consideration, then basketball could very properly be ranked as the chief sport of the Institute. At the beginning of every winter quarter two basketball leagues are formed, classified into the Senior and Junior divisions. In some years as high as 100 applicants have denoted their intentions of playing in the league and in years past, the success of this inter-mural plan has been of the highest order. To date over twenty-five candidates have signed up in each league, among them may be found a sufficiency of first-class material. From this list of names those athletes which have the highest standing as basket tossers will be chosen captains for the various teams. The captains will, in turn, select by lot the men who will compose their five. This drawing is worked out in such a manner as to make the teams as evenly matched as possible, thus creating the tense rivalry that has marked the contests in the past. Coach Martin and Inter-mural Manager Herb White will have charge of the affair.

THE YOUNG MAN TODAY

*Wants nothing conventional,
NEWNESS alone is his
attractor in clothes.*

The sparkling freshness and originality in apparel and shoes being shown at this store appeals to his love of dash and spirit in clothes combined with excellent material and good workmanship.


201-207 S. ADAMS ST.



Edited by Herbert B. White and Nina Keith.

WHEN YOU COME TO BRADLEY, DON'T

Try to beat Carl's time.
Associate with the faculty—it will ruin your Rep.
Tip your hat to Seniors—they aren't used to it.
Ask for Mellin's Food in the lunch room.
Fall in love with the first pretty girl you see.
Get in bad with the Tech Staff.
Go to extremes. Chapel, for instance.
Believe everything said by a girl just because she is good looking.

SPEAKING OF

The generosity of Adam, we wish to state that he had nothing on Sommer.
Sommer accidentally spent two bones on the same girl.

Sweet Girl Graduate—One who, having taken her bachelor's degree,
is ready to take her bachelor.

Editor of Locals—"What makes this paper smell so funny?"
Zim—"Guess it's the stale jokes."

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

Brunswick—"Does she expect me to call this evening?"
Ann S.—"I guess so; I saw her setting all the clocks a couple of hours
ahead."

Miss Seitz—"Are you chewing gum?"
Curly—"Yes, ma'am."
Miss Seitz—"Well, throw it in the waste basket and don't let me see
you chewing it again."

Walter B.—"I know a new song and it's great."
Janice—"Good; sing it to me."
Walter—"Well,—I tell you—I'll give you the words and we can go
outside for the air."

INQUISITIVE QUIZ.

If Donald steered the launch, would Frances Beecher?

McDougal—"What's the difference between a girl and a clock?"

L. Hayward—"Time goes very slow when you hold a clock's hands, but it goes very fast when you hold a—a—say, what time is it?"

NOW ON THE WATER WAGON.

Curly—"Do you still take any German?"

Fat—"No, but a little Scotch now and then."

TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FOUR.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You now see before you the greatest of all boys. Give him the once over. Thanks. Now you are convinced, are you not, as to the truth of the first statement? Since the days of Euclid, that brawny mathematician of the old world, there has been but one unraveler of problems in Math. The girl say that he was a dear, sweet, little darling, but those of that stronger heroic sex state that he was "all there." This small-town talk applies perfectly to this robust lad from Md.

Who ever believed that this boy could cultivate a crop of marsh grass on his upper lip? Well, whether it was cultivated or not, we do not know; possibly it "just grewed", but by looking through some of the old Polys you will see that famous new variety of many hues doing very nicely on the stern but good natured face of Jos. S. Bickle. Yes, we all know Bick, of course. He is very active in all athletics and a strong upholder of the theorem that A to the O power equals one and that anything to the O power equals one. In history you are sure to find Bick's name, as he won the contest of the merry four, by beating three other Bradley instructors in being the first of that club to marry a Bradley teacher. We hereby wish to congratulate him. We will be frank in saying that a person who cannot



CHEM. NOTES.

Miss Harvey—"A great many of your recitations are like Quebec."

Harry—"Why?"

Miss H.—"Founded on a bluff."

Miss Morgan wants to know what is meant by pacific gravity.

"Why are you asking for help? Haven't you any close relatives?"

Dot B.—"Yes; that's why I am appealing to you."

Carl—"Boy, stop using such awful language."

Peacock—"Why not? Shakespeare uses it."

Carl—"Then don't play with him."

Circulation
Last Month
Z-N

The Mocking Bird

Circulation
This Month
No Better

VOL. 1

Bradley, Jan. 29, 1918.

No. 3

Dav. Dunlop Makes Discovery!

While Working With Acids and the Like in Chem. Lab.

(No Bull-etine.)

David Darius Dunlop made a heart rending discovery while in that usual happy state of mind. It seems that Prof. Dunlop had just seen a very charming girl and at the same time had experienced something like heart failure. While trying to diagnose his own case he made the following wonderful discovery:

Discovery!

Love is a tickling sensation of the heart which cannot be scratched but when possessed in large amounts it somewhat resembles heart failure.

Battles wishes to confess that he is ashamed of himself for the millionth time.

Found.

That it isn't the original cost but the upkeep. For instance, a girl.

Extra.

Fat Ernest states that he desires to join the balloon section in case he goes to war.

CHICAGO DEMOCRATS ARE DOING THEIR SHARE.

(Bulletin)

Jfm. 10, 1917. Chicago Democrats are doing their bit.

It was announced by the Chicago Examiner that "Democrats Sweep City." Why in your own name aren't there any of this species of the genus Democrat in Bradley?

One of the ponderous entertainments of the day, a certain uncalled-for occasion which was carried on disregarding the law, was the party put out of existence by the girls, some of whom were dressed as boys and some were dressed as girls.

Due to great European war, the loyal students of Bradley, soda-speak, have voluntarily organized a standing army. The afore spoken of army has its headquarters in the lower hall where usually the girls may be found. That is the reason for a *standing* army.

Two persons who have resolved to always be Frank and Ernest with Peg Bass are Bruniga and Dwight.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Established, Three Times

Ida C. Stars Editor-in-Chief
 Wood B. Done Business Mgr.
 Adam Nut Associate Editor
 Animated Crumb Aesthetics
 Lizzie U. Gettum Special Reporter

EditORial.

It has been decided that either this paper must be sold or laid on the shelf. In case neither happens you may expect an upheaval.

You will all agree that this war is, well, it certainly has raised the price of *dates*.

Is it because a woman always jumps to conclusions that she likes to read the *End* of the book first?

Lucille had a sweetheart,
 Wish she had him now—
 Fearless as a donkey,
 Gentle as a cow.

This month instead of the usual long pome as has heretofore been the custom, we have entered the essence of Bradley's poems. Just stand off a ways and think it over. Is it not beautiful? Note the up-lifting plot and the beautiful descriptions.

NOTICE.

Ed. Jacquin has survived his injuries. It will from now on be possible for him to attend girls' "Scrip" dances.

Dead.

One of our greatest desires, "Resolved, That Truesdale could, would, and should be allowed to play basketball," passed out of this world into the fireworks at the last meeting of the I. I. A. A.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

WANTED—Some one to act as spy on my girl. D. M.

FOUND—A piece of hose in girls' gym. Apply for same at the office of Collins.

WANTED—Some cute little light-haired boy who will be pleased to carry home my library. L. M. N.

LOST—Two reputations on one occasion. Reward if returned to C. I. B. M.

FOR SALE—A number of yearling Latin ponies, also some two year olds. Trades will be made for three year olds. See most any student who has had at least two years of Latin.

Price of Petticoats, Etc. Practically Cut in Half Ready to Wear.	Singing Lessons QUARTETTE Our Specialties Give Me the Moon light, I Never Knew
--	---

WANTED—Plenty of good, old-fashioned "want ads".

MUCH MORE MOSTS.

Most innocent.....	Bob McCormick
Most ornery.....	Jay Covey?
Most forgotten.....	Peacock
Most thick.....	Walter and ——
Most thin.....	Myself and that dog
Most noise.....	Rev. Mr. Owens
Most husky.....	Hon. Jack Truesdale
Most laugh.....	Ed. Jacquin
Most temperate.....	Fat Ernest

Faint purse never won fair lady.

YOU SAID SOMETHING.

Zartman—"There's a proverb for every man."
 Fuller—"What one fits me?"
 Zartie—"To whom God gives office, He also gives brains."
 Fuller—"But I have no office."
 Zart—"Well?"

Brady—"If I am detained down town late tonight, don't wait up for me."

H. W.—"I shan't. I shall come down for you."

Once there was a little girl
 Who always got a "D";
 But everywhere you saw that girl
 The boys were sure to be.

"Oh, dear, we'll miss that first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say."

"Ours? Oh, this is so sudden."

SOMETHING IS BURNING.

Dr. Packard—"Do you know the four seasons?"

58c a Dozen—"Yes. Salt, vinegar, mustard and pepper."

STALLING AGAIN.

Jac—"I like the way that girl looks."

Zartie—"Why, she's positively ugly."

E. N.—"Yes, but she's looking at me."

Wette & Wieting
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
 112 S. Adams Street Peoria, Ill.

Ingenue maid to editor:

"I walked along the river bank,
My foot beneath me slips,
I fell into the water
Clear up to my knees."

Editor—"But it doesn't rhyme."

Maid—"Well, the water wasn't deep enough."

Battles—"What's the use, anyway; you sit on every joke I hand in."

White—"Well, I wouldn't if they had a point."

EVADING THE QUESTION.

Miss Seitz—"Mr. Williams, do you know your German?"

Jim—"Sure, it's got four ink spots on the cover and the title page is gone. I'd know it anywhere."

ONE MORE DOWN.

Zartman—"Peacock was almost drowned."

Bob—"So? How did it happen?"

Zart—"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell through the mattress into the springs."

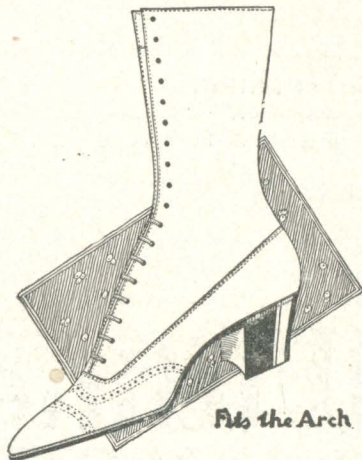
Mr. Comstock—"Miss Day, that mistake is all wrong."

FRESH MEAT.

"Daddy," said Bobby, who was eating an apple, "what would be worse than finding a worm in this apple?"

"I do not know, unless it would be to find two worms."

"No," said Bobby, "it would be worse to find half of a worm."



MILITARY BOOTS

FOR
DRESS AND SCHOOL
WEAR

Gray Kid, Fieldmouse, Tan
Russia and Gun Metel

KEPLER'S

121 S. Adams

403 S. Adams

NO CASUALTIES.

Dean—"Did you hear about the accident?"

Five of his usual audience of girls, in chorus—"What accident?"

D. B. (looks for running room)—"Miss LeFever dropped a stitch in the pool (puddle)."

CHEMICAL ACTIONS.

Gordon having three explosions in one day. (Some one asked what the day looked like.)

Taylor fastening his Bunsen burner to the water faucet under a hood.

A Lover's Quarrel—A miss understanding and a man mis-understanding.

Dempsey has loud ties and everything.

HEARD IN CAFETERIA.

Campbell—"Looks like rain today, doesn't it?"

Fleming—"Yes, I believe it does, but just the same it smells like soup."

"Did you ever catch your wife flirting?"

"Sure! That's the way I caught her."

Vonachen—"What did the doctor advise you to do with that dainty red beak of yours?"

Freddie—"He said to diet."

Bill Clark—"Do you know what Mr. Humphrey's mustache reminds me of?"

Doubet—"No."

Clark—"Why, of a basketball game. Five on a side."

History Student—"I want the life of Julius Caesar."

Librarian—"I am sorry, but Brutus is ahead of you."

If you wish to kiss a girl in a quiet place, avoid the mouth.

"In my little argument with the whale," said Jonah, "I certainly had the inside track."

She—"Now if I should find a man under my bed I simply would tell him to marry me or I would shoot."

He—"Then you would only be arrested for murder."

OH, BOY!

Tick—"Well, Jake, I suppose you are still studying the three R's?"

E. N.—"Yes—Revelry, Relaxation, and Rot."

A Peoria lady whose husband had been dead some years went to a medium who produced the spirit of her dead husband.

My dear John," said the woman, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," John replied.

"Happier than on earth with me?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, John, what it is like in Heaven."

"Heaven?" said John. "I'm not in Heaven!"

Some men are just like a mule because they kick at the wrong time.

Every time you stop and stare at Success it gets up and leaves the room.

Great oaths from little aching corns do grow.

"Next!" The battle cry in a barber shop before blood is shed.

The man with a jag can hold on to the fence, but he can't hold on to his reputation.

A guest on being asked to say grace at a dinner was surprised and asked:

"Is there no minister here?"

On being told that there was not, he said:

"Then, let us thank God."

PRETTY CLEVER STALL.

Josephine H.—"Oh, golly!"

Father—"What have I told you about using slang?"

Jo—"Oh, Dad, really, I was just saying my Latin, *galli-gallorum*."

Miss Comfort (in English Class)—"What are most young people interested in?"

Harry B. in unhesitating and strong voice: "Love!"

Oui, c'est ca, Harry!

Teacher—"What day did New Year's come on last year?"

First Student—"Sunday."

Second Student—"No, on Monday; last year was leap year."

Teacher—"How do you know?" (Student embarrassed.)

LIFE AS IT REALLY IS.

You join the army

To shoot a Hun.

The fellow back home

Takes care of Hon(ey).—*Ex.*

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AT HOME AND AT THE
La Palma Cafeteria

111 North Jefferson Avenue

Compliments of
ORPHEUM THEATRE
PEORIA'S VAUDEVILLE PALACE
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This Service Shall Consist of:

No. 1. Eight suits will be pressed per month, but not to exceed two suits per week. An Overcoat will be considered the same as one suit. Extra cleaning or pressing at reasonable rates. No delivery.

No. 2. The use of spacious and well appointed dressing rooms, toilet, wash room and shower bath, soap and towels, shines and valet service.

No. 3. Five-Chair Barber Shop and Manicuring at regulation prices. This Club is open Night, Day and Sundays. Members are entitled to service at all times.

Cleaning, Pressing, Altering and Repairing

Clothes Pressed While You Wait.

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All Home Cooking.

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ENGLISH, GERMAN and FRENCH, HISTORY and CIVICS,
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Extra Heavy Sweater Coat, **\$5.00**
\$6.50 quality, for

Largest line of Skates in the city, all sizes,
\$1.50 per pair

Shoes and Skates Attached, \$5.00 pair

E.E. JOHNSON CO.
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OAKFORD & FAHNESTOCK, Wholesale Grocers

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YOUR HOTEL

is equipped to take care of

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Card Parties

Dances

Etc.

Excellent Cafes

Good Music

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Many Brag in their
Advertisements
but few dare follow us
in our offer of

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WANTED**

Unless goods have real quality at low prices, this
offer dare not be made.

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Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Compare the Quality and Price
of Our Goods

Quality
Merchandise
at Lowest
Prices

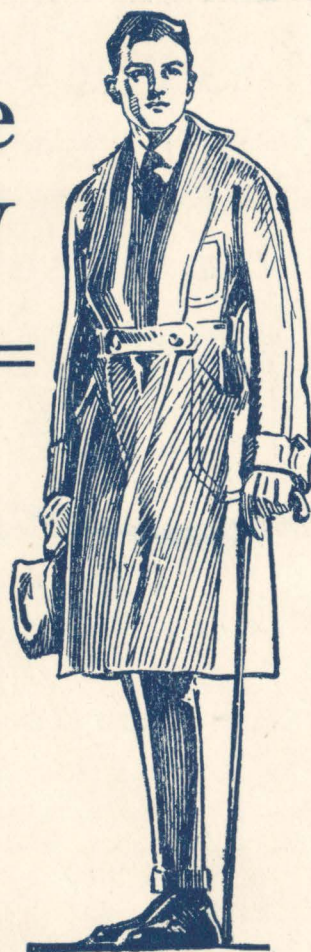


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